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Poetry.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

BY JOHN CRIVELLO PRINCE.

Dearest old Poet, whose words are so true
To breathe the celestial atmosphere of truth;
Give thy heart words that gently inspire,
So that thy song may comfort the weary;
Sing on, and keep, my courage high the crowd
As close to me through the darkest hour;
Thy lines will come if I then will endeavor
Thy darkest hour is the verge of day.

Dearest old Gendian, whose words are so true,
Whence the best and purpose of thy mind;
Thy great gifts with an unending heart,
And with thy forthright dignity to be kind;
The world is truly in thy help and grace,
And dole and dangers may obscure thy way,
But light of gladness through the darkest hour;
Thy darkest hour is the verge of day.

Dearest old Fidelity, who in dreams dost ask
To feel for thy country's glory thy name,
And thou wouldst make the legend words of Time,
Before they bring out the transcendental name;
We travel on a narrow way,
And when some darkness may yet be clear;
Thy darkest hour is the verge of day.

Dearest old Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
Shouldst be bold even to the heart's core;
And from the shade of the domestic home
Some green branch grows, some kind of promise
Gives;

God chooses but to prove thy faithfulness,
For in thy weakness He will be thy stay.
Trust not to power, and He will comfort and bless;
Thy darkest hour is the verge of day.

Dearest old Man, however low thy state,
Not even small thoughts that crowd thee full,
Leave in details the lapins of fate,
And even the Providence who governs all,
If then art bidden in thy darkest hour,
Thy darkest hour is the verge of day.

(Written for the Blackboard Journal.)

THE PAINTING.

Translated from Goethe,
By GEORGE W. HENRIE.

Let mine eyes forever be closed;
For my lips they never can;
Even now my tears are wetting,
And I thought I was a man.

In this painting all is sad—
Let's rest, my eyes are now closed;
Even thy kin gives me no gladness,
Deep the head I step in sadness.

Once, oh once, how sweet the promise,
When I looked up thy lips to kiss;
But now the silent hours,
Flicker in March-time from the sheets.
Gentle as my life is wretched,
Reveries for thee are gone;
Spring is here, but all the breathing—
To me dark Autumn leaves are.

Tales of Fact and Fiction.

FOUR STRANGE STORIES.

ALL four shall be told exactly as I, the present narrator, have received them. They are all derived from credible sources; and the first—the most extraordinary of the four—is well known to all first-hand to individuals still living.

THE FIRST STORY.

Some few years ago, a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F. to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F. Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a fresh work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned. On the 13th of September he set out in good time to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F. Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitudes did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London, a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him.

She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and address in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time, neither uttered a syllable; but, at length, the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country, and, the ice being broken, they entered into conversation.

They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his district. He was quite certain that he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice?

He was hesitating what to reply, when she said—

"Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he could.

"Well," she said, "look at me again; you may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she smiled, rather eagerly.

"Now, do you think you could?"

"I think so," he replied, "but I cannot say for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the painter, and bade him good-by; adding, as she quitted the carriage—

"We shall meet again soon."

The train rattled off, and Mr. H. (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F.'s carriage was there to meet the expected guest. It carried him to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room, for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having completed his toilet, and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H. was much surprised, and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, mixed in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home.

Mr. H. had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed away pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H. was entreated to show some of the sketches he had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning early, Mr. H. was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room, and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room garden gates were locked through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture, whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, sir," replied the man, looking exactly at him.

The painter said no more: thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So, leaving the room, he stammered out into the park.

He was returning to the house, when his maid met him, and the next morning attention passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the artist.

"Did not your young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," returned Mr. H.

"I cannot imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, very greatly surprised.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H., who, in his turn, was beginning to wonder.

"No," replied his lord; "most certainly not. There was no one at table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never resumed to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion.

If the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had met and bidden him

at the dinner-table. Yet she did not come again; and everybody in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence.

He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his previous, growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single moment in the fair young lady's face of his fellow-traveler. He had no clue by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. His often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

Mr. H. was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his (whom I will call Mr. Wyld)—visited there. Mr. H., being anxious to see him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wyld to call upon him there.

At the time appointed, the door of the room opened, and Mr. Wyld was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the meeting between the two men was very singular.

It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H.'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman now before him, which the artist was another Mr. Wyld; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a more friendly conversation; for Mr. H. had mentioned his name, and it was not a stranger to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wyld asked Mr. H. whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description.

Mr. H. replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wyld, "because, about two years ago, I had a dear daughter, who was my only child, and I loved her very dearly. Her loss was a heavy affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. If you could paint me a portrait of my child, I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wyld then described the features and appearance of his daughter, and the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H. listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his grief, made a sketch. He had thought of his being blind, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so.

But the father shook his head on seeing the sketch, and said, "It is not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were pretty well, but the expression was not here; and the father turned away from it, deeming Mr. H. far his kind endeavors, but quite hopeless of any successful result. Suddenly a thought struck the painter; he took another sheet of paper, made a rapid and vigorous sketch, and brought it to his companion. Instantly, a bright look of recognition and pleasure lighted up the father's face, and he ex-

THE PERLSSIER GALOP.

COMPOSED BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

INTRODUCTION.

Modérato.

PIANO-FORTE.

GALOP.

Vivace con Leggerezza.

1st. 2d.

pp *Cres* *cen* *do* *f* *fff*

pp *Cres* *cen* *do* *f* *fff*

fff *fff* *fff* *fff*

Juvenile Department.

CHILDHOOD.

Sweet and beautiful childhood!
In thy glowing mirth,
Ere the twilight will woo
Of the world's cold breath
O'er thee's thrown its shadows—
Dark and drear and low;
Turned its dark pit of gloom,
Handed o'er with fear—
Thou art gay and sprightly,
Dancing in the light
Of the sunshine brightly,
Thinking not of night.
"Angels, whispering round thee,"
Fill thy mind with joy,
Purest pleasure bringing,
Mixed not with alloy.
Would they'd ere whisper,
Strains of sweetest love,
Like the evening vesper,
From the courts above.
Would their songs might brighten,
As thy years advance,
Thy cares forever lighten,
From the world's cold glance.
Not so can childhood's beauties
Forever thus remain,
But sternest trying duties
Call them in its train.

CHARADES.

- My first name man is a very good friend,
He will guard well his house, and his castle de-
fend.
My next is the good and the wise of the nation,
We wish they'll increase with civilization.
My whole is a custom of very old date,
To tell folks they must not turn lights too late.
- My first aspiringly is met,
Among the world with kind intent,
My next begins some skill or power,
"What you are to do in an hour."
My whole my little play is,
Or I should fear to drive him;
I hope my little boy is too,
And many more beside him.
- My first is a noble's address,
And a blessing we ask for in prayer;
My next not so much does express,
When one thing with another we compare.

My whole I trust we are not,
To a very bad state to be in;
And whatever may here be our lot,
We will hope to escape this great sin.

NARRATIVE CHARADE.

A man who lived near the 4, 2, 1, 5, 2, 1, 6, 3, 2, 5, 4.
He prepared for his tramp and took with him an
6, 3, 2, some 4, 2, 3, 1, 6, 4, and a fine 4, 1, 5.
He had not traveled far when an 4, 5, 1 hit him,
which scared him so that he was very 1, 4, 2, 8,
and made a 2, 6, 4, 1. Soon he felt as if he
would like to leave some 5, 2, 6, 3, 1, so he
walked up to a house where he saw a man
bearing his 4, 5, 3, and inquired if it was a pub-
lic-house, and if he could stay there. A woman
hearing his 1, 2, 6, 4, came out and gave him a
6, 2, 4, 1. He resumed his journey, and met a
man who showed the road to the next house
near the 2, 8, 4, gave him some 1, 3, 6, 2, and
4, 6, 5, 4, 2.

My whole is a word of six letters, so exhorta-
tion, a plea, a request, is always used for polite
persons, is used by Shakespeare and Irving.

EMIE U.

REBUS.

I am a word of six letters, forming the nar-
rative of a late ancient American divine.
Omit my 4th and 6th letters, transposi-
the rest, and notice a delicious fruit.
Omit my 1st and 6th letters, transposi-
the others, and observe a golden implement.
Omit my 3d, 4th and 6th letters, transposi-
the others and find a mischievous animal.
Omit my 1st, 3d and 4th letters, transposi-
the others, and observe an epoch.
Omit my 3d, 4th and 6th letters, transposi-
the others, and notice a sharp blow.
Omit my 1st, 3d and 4th letters, transposi-
the others, and behold a word signifying to do
wrong.

CHAS. H. JACKARD.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The first three letters is the name of a county
in Pennsylvania.
The first letter in the name of a town in
Tennessee.
The first letter in the name of a county in
Illinois.
The first letters in the name of a county
in Shillington.
The first three letters is the name of a county
in New Jersey.

The first letter in the name of a county in
Maine.
The combination of the above-given letters
will form the name of a county in New York
State.

CHAS. H. JACKARD.

ENIGMAS.

- What I am to their pledges all should be,
If happiness here before they would see,
And all the government officers must
Be sure said to it to every truth.

JACOB S. HARDENBERGH.

- I'm something that here existed before,
I mean in the hearts of our sires of yore,
At the present time I exist the same,
Now what I was and am, pray can you name?

JACOB S. HARDENBERGH.

DECATATIONS.

- Behold an article of clothing and leave a
kind of grain.
- Behold a part of a ship and leave a tree.
- Behold a part of the body and leave a con-
junction.
- Behold a very useful article of furniture
and leave a prevention against burglars.
- Behold a boat and leave a very useful ani-
mal.
- Behold a part of a mill-car and leave a
farming utensil.
- Behold a small animal and leave a liquid.
- Behold a vessel and leave a bird.
- Behold a bird and leave what we often see
upon entering a drinking shop.
- Behold a tree and leave a kind of fruit.
- Behold an article worn by ladies and
leave an animal.

F. H. H. CATERDAUGH.

LOVER'S RIDDLE.

A N I L B Y E P
U D W L Y O M
U D U O U E
K O O E L D V
O W E I L O O
O N D T Y L
L A N H A O U

ANAGRAMS.

Revelation..... To love him.
The opposition..... O. p. sion Pitt.
Herbert's Nelson..... Dinner and a bill.
Potatoes..... Ten happy.
Catholics..... Get out a ship.
Herbert's Nelson..... The ten arrives.
Eleanor Davies..... Great O. Daniel.
Dinner Eleanor Davies..... Never so small a little.

CURIOS ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A printer had a sum in addition to set up.
We'll suppose the following sum, although the
number and length of the columns does not at
all affect the result.

7	8	4	3	2	1	9
0	4	3	8	7	2	3
4	6	2	8	4	3	6
2	9	8	5	4	3	6
2	9	8	7	2	3	6
2	4	6	1	6	9	0

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By an accident he "sp" all his type except
the sum total. In gathering the scattered type
together, he finds he has but 47—some having
dropped through a crack in the floor. Now how
can he determine by the squares of the sum total
together with the "sp" type, what figure is
missing? We will allow the readers for a while
to study this question and determine the an-
swer.

SAMUEL DEAN.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c. in No. 5, Vol. 3.

CHARADES.—1. Boston. 2. France. 3. The
Star Spangled Banner. 4. A punishment. 5.
Harriet's Illustrated Hand-book of Nature
(Travel).

PALEONTOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Mora. Anna.

Book. Ann. Maria. M. M.

PUZZLES.—1. Tobacco. 2. 16 days.

CONCEIT CHARADE.—1. Beethoven. 2.

Beethoven. 3. Beethoven. 4. Beethoven. 5. Beethoven.

REBUS ON THE NAMES OF AMERICAN

BAYLIES.—1. Concord. 2. Lexington.

3. Concord. 4. King's Mountain. 5. Princeton.

6. Red Bank. 7. Moulton's Creek. 8. Long

Island. 9. Trenton. 10. Trenton. 11.

Yorktown. 12. Camden. 13. Monmouth. 14.

Brick Creek. 15. Shiloh. 16. White Plains.

17. Chancellorsville. 18. Gettysburg. 19. New

Orleans. 20. Thomas. 21. Gettysburg. 22.

Chancellorsville.

